

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 8. [General of the U. S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, NOV. 23, 1895. [HERBERT E. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS

Dream of a Christless Soul, ON, An Officer's Self-Denying Path. A SONG SERVICE, SUITABLE FOR SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

There lived, not long ago, two friends. He was a gentleman in a cultured city of the "States." She was an Army officer in Canada—our "land of the clear sky."

He was a man of keenest intellect, and sensitive refinement, both of thought and imagination, but with strongly sceptical tendencies, an infidel regarding the atonement, a man without a Christ.

She had also refinement of temperment, equal sensitiveness and tenderness of spirit, and grace of fancy; but she told on, year after year, in her large stations, with the Calvary love in her heart, sometimes with aching brow and weary feet, sometimes faint and exhausted by night, sometimes burnt by the hot sun by day, but ever with joy springing up in her heart, and all for the love of Him Who bore the thorns and loved beneath the cross for her.

B. J. 64.

Sometimes I've tried with toil and care,

Sometimes I'm weak and worn;
Sometimes it looks so dark every-where.

Instead of the rose, the thorn.
These are the times when tempted sure.

A voice in my ear doth speak—
"Unleash thy sword, there's victory before."

Thy Saviour is mighty to keep."

I have a Saviour Who's mighty to keep,

Mighty to keep evermore.

Never I've known a cloud so dark.

Never a power so strong,

Never a wolf so hoarsely in bark,

Never a night so long—
But they all vanished, and fell, and fled.

And left me to wonder, not weep;
How could I ever have doubted at all
A Saviour so mighty to keep.

The gentleman slept one day, and dreamed among his books and surroundings of cultured thought; and so vividly did his dream impress him, and so strangely did it affect him, that he wrote it out and sent it to his friend in Canada, who, when she read it, wished that all her comrades—all the world—might be comforted and encouraged to go on by it as she had been, even when their hearts were sick and their throats sore; even when dragged through the dust of scandal and contempt, though faint and ready to sink with thorn-placed feet, or scorched with the heat of the day, almost overwhelmed with the stress of the fight, the power of the night. She wished that they, too, might take courage, as she had done, from the dream of her unsaved friend.

B. J. 78.

I am a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to spread His name.

Let us march thro' the world with
the fire and the blood;
Lord, the power and the glory are
Thine;
When we've turned guilty sinners to
millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens we'll
shine.



I'll not go singing to the skies,
And living at my ease,
While others miss the heavenly prize,
And die of sin's disease.

The foes of truth and man I'll face,
And bring them to the blood;
I'll change the world by Jesu's grace,
And conquer it for God.

He thought he stood on a broad and
easy road, flower-strewn and soft and
smooth. Crowds and crowds of peo-
ple were sauntering along with shout
and song and merry laughter. But
what impressed him first was their
utter indifference to a multitude of
hands that were outstretched to,

them, beckoning them into some other
path. Pleading hands they seemed
to be—hands of every description—
every size and shape; dainty jewelled
hands, soft and delicate hands, even
the round hands of little children.
Some, he thought he could discern to
be the hands of fathers and mothers,
singing to sons and daughters, who
amongst the throng were pressing
unminded, by regardless of all their
beckoning.

Beautiful hands at the gateway to-
night,
Faces all shining with radiant cheer—
Eyes looking down from that heav-
enly throne.
Beautiful hands that are beckoning
come.

Beckoning hands, beckoning hands,
Calling their dear ones to heavenly
lands;
Beckoning hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful beckoning hands.

ly downward, and with ever-increas-
ing speed the people streamed along
more rapidly, and with harder indif-
ference, though ceaseless hands still
beckoned and beckoned, and the
laughing crowd pushed back.
At last he observed, to his unutter-
able horror, that the steep descent
ended abruptly in a great dark gulf,
and towards this frightful black
chasm the living thousands hurried,
dashing on ever faster, madly dash-
ing down at last, leaping out into
the darkness upon nothing, whilst
those jewelled hands still beckoned
them, but pitifully helpless now to
influence or turn the plunging torrent
of humanity.

B. J. 62, or B. J. 171.

When you came to Jordan's flood,
How will you do?
You who now condemn your God, How
will you do?

Loath will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray, How will
you do?

You who laugh and scorn, and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear, How will
you do?

Can you then your terror brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave,—
How will you do?

Suddenly he became conscious that
right over the mouth of the pit there
were men and women who rushed for-
ward and flung the weight of their
own bodies right across the path of
the oncoming multitude, in whole-
souled endeavor to check their sick-
ening, downward rush, on that
smooth, rose-strewn road, with its
mystery, fatal end.

Profoundly he wondered, in his
dream, how it was these people dared
to venture right up to the almighty
edge of the gulf, and so to interpose
—not beckoning hands, however grace-
ful they might be, but their own
bodies, themselves—with their feet
firmly planted, and their backs to the
black chasm, as they stood with their
hands upraised to push back the wave
of destruction, and with might and
main to force the attention of the
hundreds of thousands. But, by-and-by,
it dawned upon his consciousness that
it was only those who were absolute-
ly pure and clean might venture with
any degree of safety in contact with
the descending throng. He found it
was nothing but their purity kept
their feet firm as they flung them-
selves across the frightful downward
race.

Finally he observed that the men
were clad in red kurtasaya, and the
women wore bonnets, then he con-
cluded that they were Salvationists,
and awoke with a start from his
wild dream.

B. J. 15.

Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free
from care.

All robed in their garments of
white?

Everywhere! Who'll fight for the
Lord everywhere?

Oh, think of the heads everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have
found.

Oh the curses that breathe on the air,
From souls wandering far from their
God.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see;
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

Beckoning hands of a little one see,
Bab' voice calling, oh, mother, to
me;
Rose-checked darling, the pride of the
home.

Taken so early is beckoning come.

Beautiful hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the dear one
of life;

Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gateway to-night they
extend.

On and on they moved, until he
found, to his surprise, that the soft
and pleasant road was on a decline,
which slanted more and more sharp-

POINTERS FOR S.-D. WEEK.

By THE GENERAL.

Duty shirked must bring condemnation.

More fire—more zeal—more burning love.

No cross—no real service for either God or man.

Fight in faith, and keep on believing for victory.

No man can be an ultimate failure who keeps going on.

Don't say anything new cannot be done, but go and do it.

Fight by attacking. A mere defence must end in failure.

You can't save others, if you go in for saving yourselves.

All success depends upon the extent to which we rely upon God.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost simply means to be immersed in God.

Idle men do not need the devil to tempt them—they tempt themselves.

Throw yourself into the light, regardless of anything and everything.

Give yourself up to the task of securing victory, and you will gain it.

Only those have light and power who fight for the deliverance of other souls.

Let self-sacrifice in the service of man and God be the ruling principle of your life.

Seek in all things, at all times and everywhere, to be actuated by the principle of love.

The chief purpose in life should be to bring honor to God, and to be useful to men.

Be determined never more to be satisfied with a service that is a mere outward performance.

The true Salvationist lives the same kind of life, and is actuated by the same purposes, as God Himself.

A soul on fire will make the people listen, wherever you may be, or whatever you may have to say.

How important it is that we should individually seek to discharge our responsibilities in the light of God.

Gird yourself with the mighty promises of your Almighty God, and go boldly and believingly forth to obey.

There cannot be full salvation without our full surrender. God can neither save nor help what is not given Him.

He will not go far wrong who keeps his head cool, his feet warm, and his heart on fire with the love of God.

Let each of us stand in our own individuality, in that there were no one else but ourselves to fight for Jehovah.

Never mind your feelings. It is not always those who feel the most who do the highest and best among God's followers.

You must be thorough—that is, honest—thoroughly honest—honest as before the great White Throne with your own soul.

If your heart is only broken up and filled with the Spirit of Jesus Christ and of compassion for souls, it is difficult to suppose that you can be other than a great success.

Unbelief of the most diabolical character often clothes itself in the garb of humility. Measure yourselves, not by one another, nor by the achievements of others, but by the promises of God, the merits of the atoning Blood, and the power of the Holy Ghost.



HOW MUCH are you going to rise this year in S.-D. SPIRIT, practice, effort, blessing, and result?

HOW many souls will you win? How many, and what kind of blessings will your example and influence impart to those around you?

HOW much real, practical self-denial will you do? What amount of S.-D. cash will you raise?

OUR TARGET IS \$3,450.

Now, what ever happens, we must get that.

We can. God will help us.

I believe. But we must be united and untiring in our efforts. If, however, by the means of united toil, we raised \$800 in advance of any previous year for H.F., it would be vain to imagine that by the use of the same, or increased, more spirited action, we cannot spoil our target. We shall.

There are four essential spirits necessary, viz.,—

The Energetic, The Enthusiastic, The Surprising, and The Competitive.

Get the steam well up with each of these, and put them altogether into the following, and, my dear comrade, your S.-D. target will look mighty sick by December 31st:—

1.—PRAYERFUL PLANNING. Size up the possibilities lying before you. Study out the best and most suitable methods; endeavor to enter into the spirit of prayer, depending on the Holy Ghost for that wisdom and guidance that shall direct you to the very wisest and most applicable to the corps and circumstances in which you are placed.

2.—ORGANIZE. Divide up the forces, give everybody something to do without exception. The L. O.'s, the bandmen, the soldiers, the Juniors, the sisters, the brothers, the young, the old, the sympathizers, could all be organized into separate brigades, be stirred up to provoke each other to love and good works. Organize for the villages, for your meetings, for the

3.—DESPERATE EFFORT. Don't go about S.-D. in a "come day, go day," etc., listless kind of manner. Earnestness and desperation will appeal to many who without seeing it manifested in you would pass you by, or heed none of your appeals. A desperate spirit will secure half your difficulties away. Making others as well as yourself FEEL that you have GOT to win, and that they have GOT to help you do it, is half the battle, which can be won by being desperate in your efforts.

4.—BE DETERMINED to win. Persevere—push through when tired, when sky is gloomy and prospects are dark, go in. Commit yourself to God's grace and your target in dead determination to conquer, and not let up till you have done your part toward God.

You did not indeed for H.F. I feel safe in backing you for S.-D. God bless you. Yours for S.-D. victory, J. E. MARQUETS, P.S.

5.—S.-D. AND SOCIAL SACK, among the farmers, and make your organization such that not a soul in your command escapes the opportunity and privilege of helping the S.-D. Fund.

6.—NEEDLESS TO SAY, the same kind of life, and is actuated by the same purposes, as God Himself.

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IN PERSONAL DEALING refrain from arguing. You defeat a man, his intention is, generally, that he is not sufficiently posted yet, and must brave himself for the next attack, and you know what that means.

ALWAYS look people in the eyes when dealing with them personally.

NEVER mention a person's sins and failings before others.

IF YOU WANT to be miserable, think about yourself about what you want, what you like, what respect should be paid you, and what others think and say about you.

FINANCE ITEMS

By MAJOR J. READ.

AT LAST we begin to breathe a bit more freely round Headquarters. It has been no small task to get off all the printed matter in connection with Self-Denial, but it has gone, thank God! The Provincials write in high glee, and no doubt will each go far over their set targets. May Providence favor them! Then the D. O.'s, too, write full of holy courage and sanguine expectation. For full particulars as to what they say, will readers kindly turn over the pages of this and former issues of the "Cry," for this periodical is just brim full of all kinds of hints and ideas on this special line. No P. O., D. O., or F. O. need be in the dark as to how to arrange all and every kind of special meeting during this special week. Hurrah for S.-D. . . .

NOW THAT S.-D. is under weigh, poor old Lazarus must come to the fore. The brave Provincial Agents have been speeding ahead, and perhaps a few particulars about their work and success will help the scheme. The British Columbia District is having urgent attention, and when the G. B. M. Scheme is properly launched out there amongst those liberal west emers, great financial results must follow. In all provinces English McDonald will look after the interests of Lazarus at the coast. Adjutant Macree has struck oil and means to stay in the big cities for several days together. "Consequently," Brockville, Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa will get the benefit of the Adjutant's presence, and the social work will be materially assisted. "I drove forty-six miles last week," writes the Adjutant. God bless him! He reports very favorably on the lantern.

As a consequence, we are just special G. B. M. box for the corps in the States. It will be a beauty, with appropriate device.

THEN OUR WORTHY BROTHER, Captain Pugh, is not one without behind. He is doing well, being ably assisted by his wife, whose heart is wrapped up in the cause. Mrs. Pugh is giving special attention to St. John, and getting the citizens roused up. The Captain also reports favorably upon the lantern, and finds it a great auxiliary to his work. "Lantern Rooms" are being formed from the round the North-Eastern part of the C. O. P., and has had fair success. Captain Scobell means to make it warm for the East. His hunger for boxes has been appeased, so now look out ye olden P.A.'s, or slings will yet find the better of you all. His blood is up! Captain Bailey is away off in the Far West doing all he can pioneering round Lettbridge and the Lake Duquoin District. May he meet with big success! . . .

A NEAT LITTLE CARD permit will soon be printed and issued to each Local Agent of the L. B. Scheme. It will be their written authority to open boxes, and collect the money therein. This has been a long-felt need. More special meetings are to be arranged for the different officers on Headquarters' Staff, while the Staff Band will be fully equipped. These "boys" meet with good success wherever they go. District Officers should be careful to see that the neat little lantern posters are sent to each corps, and village to be visited by the P.A., as also the tickets. Don't forget to secure a church. . . .

SELF-DENIAL WILL PROVE YOUR LOVE TO JESUS AND THE FAILEN.

Local Officers' Column.

A CORPS TREASURER

TELLS A TOUCHING

S.-D. STORY!

AS A RULE, Salvationists, both officers and soldiers, know what self-denial is. They quite understand it, not only talk about it, write about it, but also PRACTISE it, and enjoy the blessings which result from it. Indeed, I often feel that offering little or much to the Lord of that which costs us nothing, and which can be quite easily spared, is not giving to the Lord what is acceptable, and which carries a blessing with it and leaves a rich blessing with the giver.

JUST LOOK at the Social work of the Salvation Army. See how by the plans laid down by our beloved General so little money is made to do so much, to go so far, and feed, and clothe, and provide work for so great a multitude of men, women and children. Hundreds of poor little hungry children, in the great city of London and other places, get only one meal a day during the winter season, and that the farthing breakfast provided by the Salvation Army, which consists of a large mug of cocoa and a substantial bun. Alas! they have only empty cupboards at home. That is, if they are so fortunate as to have a shelter called home.

Oh, LOU M. HICHT was pained the winter I spent in Glasgow by the sights I witnessed and the tales of sorrow, want, and misery that were poured into my ears. Hard indeed would that heart have been that could not be so heartily moved.

MY FELLOW-GRASSHOPPER, STARYING, HELPLESS, HOMELESS, in many cases the bread-winner, the husband, sick in the hospital, wife and helpless children thrown out on the streets, glad and thankful to get fourpence given them to get under some sort of a shelter at night—I used to think, Oh, God, how long shall this horrible state of things last? While the rich are satisfied, squandering their wealth in luxuries and debaucheries, gambling, etc., GOD'S POOR, His chosen ones, are dying of want. Beloved comrades, are you of our hundreds, we would gladly give them, would we not?

S.-D.—Nov. 30 to Dec. 7.—S.-D.

But as we have not, oh, let us do all in our power, let us be up and doing, this Self-Denial, do more than we ever did before, this our energy into the collecting. Try all we can, sibly can to squeeze the money out of those who either waste it upon themselves, or hold it with such a tight grip that it is impossible to get them to give a trifle to the Lord.

I HAD A NICE little bit of experience re Self-Denial when last in the Old Country. I was staying with a Staff-Officer who had a wife and three children. He decided to give up all small weekly salary Self-Denial Week. His wife, however, had no money for bread, and the little ones, as well as the big ones, would get hungry that week as well as any other. And the blessed Lord, knowing that, put it into the heart of some one, thirty miles away, to send us a box of provisions, nice ones, too, so that we were all fed. Praise Him for ever!

For my own part, Self-Denial Week I was very short of money, but a few shillings to buy a garment which I really needed to keep me warm, but I decided to do without it and give the money to Self-Denial.

Lo and behold! to my great astonishment, in a few days a parcel arrived by train from a distance containing the identical article I needed, made and ready to put on, and of such good material that it will last for years, sent, too, by one who did not know I needed it particularly. I am sure that nothing of the transaction. Jesus assures us that even the cup of cold water given in His name shall not lose His reward.

M. F. ELLIS.

They believe not who through Him: they believe who touch.

From and for F.O.'s.

MY OLD SCRAP BOOK.

GARY, MCKENZIE, of the Harcourts.

WHEREVER you go, take your religious with you, not always obtrusively in words, but always in acts, in sympathy, and in kindly deeds.

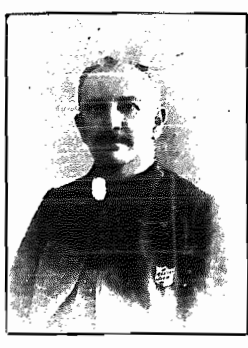
ON ENTERING a new corps, don't jump at conclusions. Be calm; be patient. Because the soldiers may not exactly suit you, don't think of striking them from the roll. Look in at the circumstances, visit your soldiers and encourage them. Don't

THE GENERAL'S

FAREWELL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Great Meeting in Good Hope Hall.

GLOWING EXPOSITION OF HIS SOCIAL SCHEME—SIR GORDON SPRIGGS PRESIDES—CROWDED AND ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.



G.M.

Our worthy comrade, in a real blood-and-fire Salvationist. He will proclaim his salvation with no uncertain sound if he happens to come your way.

He has stood by the flag through the thick of the fight, and has seen some battles. He takes a very marked interest in the financing of the corps as Treasurer. He is for becoming Self-Denial and helping Wingham to reach their target.

THE NORTHERN NEWFOUNDLAND D.O.

Says a Few Words about his S.-D. Prospects.

Again we are on the eve of our S.-D., and we are believing to do a big thing. Our target for the district is \$825, to be divided among the eight corps thus: Twillingate, \$150; Pilley's Island, \$150; Tilt Cove, \$150; Little Bay, \$10; Botwoodville, \$10; Morton's Harbor, \$10; Jackson's Cove, \$25; Exploits, \$20. Now you will see that there are three corps with the same target: Captain Hampton, of Tilt Cove, who was champion in the H. F., Captain Cooper, who did well at Pilley's Island, and Twillingate. I think there will be

A HAIRD PULL

between these three. No doubt Captain Hampton will try and keep to the top, and I'm sure, with a crowd of blood-and-fire soldiers behind her, she will do well. Captain Cooper, although defeated in H. F., will do his best to beat the single woman in S.-D. Now, Pilley's Island braves, go in for all you're worth and see if you cannot beat Tilt Cove. Of course Twillingate will do their best to leave all others in the shade. Captain Mercer, of Little Bay, Captain Snow, of Botwoodville, and Captain Butt, of Morton's Harbor, each have a target of \$10. I think each one will strive hard to come out at the top. And what shall we say about Jackson's Cove, with Lieut. Bishop at the wheel? I expect some of the other corps will have to look out. His target is \$25. Now, Lieutenant, can you not tempt your comrade with the \$12? Then there is Exploits, with Lieut. Hiscoek, who

NEARLY DOUBLED HIS TARGET

at H. F. He will do his best to strike his target, which is only \$20. Now, Lieutenant, with New Bay Head and Northern Harbor to help you, see if you cannot leave Lieut. Bishop away off on the lee—Harry Freeman, En

SELF-DENIAL WEEK, Nov. 30 to Dec. 7.

Oh, Dives, clad in purple, hear our cry!
Sin-sick and sore, o'en at thy gate will lie.

Thee and day long:
Within, thou drinkst of the wine of mirth
And eatest freely of the joys of earth,
Mid lust and song.
Oh, Dives, Dives, our cur and estate!
Behold, we perish, lying at thy gate!
Will thou not heed?
Give of thy goods to lighten our dark dole,
And turn thee unto God, lest thou
own and
Be damned through greed!

SIR GORDON SPRIGGS occupied the chair in Good Hope, Cape Town, at the General's last great South African meeting. He said the General was probably the greatest traveller in the world, and spoke of his world-wide travelling in the cause of Christ, and of the General's habit of viewing mankind in his schemes for their welfare with the practical eye of a man of business.

The applause which greeted the General as he rose to address the meeting was loud and prolonged. He was to speak of the Salvation Army, but he would like to get outside its operations and speak of the great principles which he thought must be adopted by the community at large if it was to do anything effectual.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUBMERGED TENTH.

He had been to all parts of the world, and found in a greater or less degree much the same state of affairs as those which caused him to draw up his scheme for alleviating the distress of the poor of London.

They had, in South Africa, he went on to say, the seeds of vice, poverty, and starvation, from which a hellish harvest would be reaped by-and-by. He had also gone on to Australia and found the same slums as existed in London. The same thing existed in America, a New York daily said that thousands of mankind lived in condition as vile and beastly as any described in the General's book. There they had 100,000 tramps. Thousands more of criminals, drunkards, etc. The same sort of thing was to be found in Norway, Sweden, Germany, etc., perhaps not in the same proportions, but it existed all the same. It was an unchristian, impolitic, impractical way to shelve such evils. How few there were who cared; but it was everybody's business. The "misericord" he looked upon as

HIS CLIENTS,

who could not plead for themselves. When speaking of the Rescue Work, the General related a story of a young girl of 14 who had gone astray when a servant upon a farm in England, and had consequently been received with scorn by her family and her friends. She turned aside into a wood and took the life of her little child, so that it should never feel the scorn of the world. Then followed all the usual circumstances, the hue and cry, the trial, the sentence of death—wanted to be served. A pardon had been subsequently obtained on one condition: the Home Secretary insisted that the Salvation Army should take charge of her. (Applause.) The Army had received her into their care, and she was now in the

Another story told the history of the General's boot-maker. This man was once a boy who had unwittingly participated in a burglary, and "done" twelve months' imprisonment. The lad had subsequently obtained a ticket, but upon his antecedents looking out, he had been discharged. At that juncture he had

FOUR COURSES OPEN TO HIM.

He could starve, jump into the river, work or steal. It was easy enough to begin this starving business, but it was the going on with it where the difficulty came in. (Laughter.) Then as to jumping into the water. It was not everybody that had the pluck to do that, even to rid society of their presence. (Renewed laughter.) Consequently this man, as no other course seemed open to him, as no one would give him work, again resolved to steal. He was caught, performed

18 months' work, and went burling again. And so he went on till he had done 20 years in prison. Then, with a spirit maddened against all laws, he had met with some members of the Army, and had been saved. He supposed they must have been justice officers with their benevolent looking faces in those

BEAUTIFUL HALLELUJAH BONNETS.

which made women look so attractive. (Laughter.) They took this man in hand, got him to one of the shelters, and I believe he became soundly converted. (Hallelujah.) His salvation was lasting; at any rate, it had lasted four years, and the General walked about the world in the boots of that man's manufacture to see if he could not produce some sympathy for his class. It was five years ago that the Darkest England Scheme plan was first published, and though every effort had been put forth, after all they were only beginners; but

GOD HAD WROUGHT FOR THEM MARVELLOUSLY.

The scheme had only contemplated England in the first instance, but it had been extended to other countries, and there was no doubt that every country in the world would ultimately recognize that the Army's scheme of reformation and reclamation was the only one to deal with the criminal classes. (Applause.) Under the scheme they treated two classes—those who were there from their own misfortune, damned into the world brought into it under such a set of circumstances as almost to make their moral destruction certain. What were Governments for if not for making a way out of their miseries for that class of people? There was the other class, those who were suffering through their own fault—people who had slipped. But

SUFFERING DID NOT DETER MEN

from a repetition of their offences. Had the Army plan of rescuing those people succeeded? It had succeeded. It had been successful because they believed in the power of human love. He believed they had rescued thousands of drunkards, and something like sixty per cent of the criminals who had come under their care had reformed and become honest and industrious. (Applause.) Their success among fallen women had also been most encouraging, a large percentage of those passing through their hands—and there had been about 21,000 altogether taken off the streets—had been changed, and now led good lives. (Loud cheers.) This was

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORK

of all, the reformation of fallen women, but after three years' trial they had pronounced the girls reformed, and over seventy per cent had passed through the three years' trial satisfactorily. There were the idle men; seventy per cent also of this class had been reformed, and were working in honest industry. Regarding the criminal classes, he thought their prisons should be self-supporting, and as for those coming under the Salvation Army, they never received a meal unless they worked for it. The Army had what was called the City Colony for the first reception of the submerged. Many of the reformed inmates went back to their homes or their work that they had forsaken; but the residue was sent on to undergo another stage of the reformation at what they called the Social Farm.

He did not know as yet where his great colony was to be, but he believed that before he died God would point out to him the place for it.

WHEN THE SCHEME WAS STARTED

help was given in the most lavish manner, but afterwards the help from outside fell off. After all, they were only in the beginning of the scheme, but they had achieved already marvellous results. The Scheme was intended in the first instance to embrace only England, but the merits he claimed for it had led to its being adopted throughout many other countries, and he believed that eventually such a scheme as he had proposed would be found to be the best for achieving the object in view.

In the crusade to help up the poor they had raised up 1,800 officers, many of them from the ranks of those they were to go on to save. And they had 272 institutions in which those officers worked. To help those submerged people they must supply their immediate wants—if hungry, they must be fed; if naked, clothed; if homeless, sheltered. They had their cheap food depots, where 30,000 dimes were fed. A meal for a child was sold for a farthing; for an adult a halfpenny.

SHELTERS AT HOME.

They had shelters, and now no man need sleep in the streets of London. (Applause.) Each night 10,000 slept in their shelters; 5,000 in London shelters alone. But they gave nothing for nothing in the Salvation Army. A man could not get a shelter, where a man could spend a night in a well-heated room, with hot and cold water, in which he could be washed, and he got a piece of bread when he left in the morning.

Governments should put out a hand to make a way out for these children of misfortune.

WHAT WERE GOVERNMENTS FOR?

and who better able to lend a hand? No help was of any use except on the basis of reformation. Punishment was no good. One old man in England had forty years' hard labor out of sixty, and he had sworn never to do any work in spite of the lash and imprisonment. But the Army had got hold of that man and reformed him, and got him to work. Everybody worked in the Army; men and women, and the Army believed in the power of love, sympathy and Divine goodness. The criminal must be made honest, the fallen woman chaste, and the idle man to work.

The General sat down amid deafening applause.

The Rev. Robson, in an interesting speech, during which he exhibited in his hand a photograph of the notorious Dan Schloss, who had been saved by the Army after spending forty years in prison, and was now engaged at the prison gates in London trying to get other ex-gaol-birds under the Army's influence, moved a vote of thanks to the General for his address.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was proposed and put to the meeting by the General.

The General left on the "Rimutaka" for New Zealand, says a correspondent, and as the tender sailed from the "Rimutaka" and headed towards the shore, the General and his staff stood on the upper deck. He looked weary, yet with keen interest his eyes were taking in everything that was passing. As the distance increased, the sound of the fervent "bless you's" gradually grew fainter and fainter until they failed to reach his ears, but the waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued. Before we were lost to sight the General, whose heart the hope for Africa's salvation burns brightly, was seen affectionately kissing his hand to the officers whom he had entrusted with this glorious commission.





A FRIEND IN NEED

is Mrs. Green, of Hildgetown. She acts as "Light Brigade" agent for that pretty little place, has two daughters officers in the Northwest, and loves the S.A. sincerely. She also loves this special word and means to make her share of the L. B. Scheme a great success.

Surmisings about S.-D.

IN W. O. P.

Hats off! Stand erect! Take breath! The race is on. They are coming. Who's going to be at the front? Oh, if that dear man, the editor, would only give me two columns instead of one, wouldn't I tell you a few things! Anyway, I'll tell you one or two, the truth of which I feel in my very bones.

\$3,450 is our Caman, and we can get it. I'm sure we can, for we've conquered in times that "are passed." Now, just set yez down while I tell yez how 'tis to be done.

There are nine districts in the Province, which are conducted by nine brave, fearless and tried B. O.'s. Seven of these are married, two are single. One of the latter is a young, audacious, smiling, Old Country BOY; the other a straightforward, wide-hearted, Salvation, Scotch GIBB. Who knows what they may ultimately mean? But I mustn't be too personal. I'll examine the lot of these heaves.

ADJ. TURNER HELMS LONDON district, which last year, under Major Collier, made a significant rise. This year the district is down for \$775, but I have a notion that he is going to array himself and his district in battle against two other great lights and their soldiery, and then—the guns will fire and the smoke of battle will rise.

GUZLEPH.

may have its disadvantages. These we shall endeavor to turn into advantages. Instead of having one Ensign we may have two, and sure then we shall hear the rattle of the S.-D. church wheels rolling on to take the target of \$600.

ADJ. CARR IS AT CHATHAM.

His record as a S.-D. boomer is A1. "As sure as guns" he'll do his best to destroy the Guelpi, target, and although his territory is not quite so comprehensive as either London, Guelpi, Stratford, or Windsor, you see if he does not go in for a gallop to the front. The figure is \$120.

WINDSOR.

however, is to be put on its metal. \$985 is not such a great figure when you remember that the desperadoes are to be in the district, etc. How soon it is therefore be otherwise than that Chatham, Stratford and other places be left behind by Milyetles?

PETROLA.

My, what a stride for L. F. they made! If "each victory will help you conquer other," then look out, Simeon, and you other dear braves. \$840 is the bound which will soon get terrorized and caught when placed before a Hunter.

But if Theon Miller were to send a challenge to all his old comrades in the Province, the following corps, to

my knowledge, would be affected.—Chatham, Guelpi, London, Stratford, Petrola, W. Oodstock, Windsor, as well as Simeon, which is down for \$300.

STRATFORD'S STANDARD IS \$430.

The Scotch Ensign will wave it high and victorious, in her own country way, but I must remind the Scotch Ensign nevertheless, that her district centre last year was also charged by the Scotch, and how the battle will come out can only be told later on.

PALMERSTON'S D. O.

had money collected for S.-D., if I am not mistaken, in September. Don't believe in "getting there," and if I am not mistaken is almost there by now. Will he stop at \$300?

DRESDEN

is not to be behind, either. The district will go for \$200, and it takes a few Barr(0) sometimes before a fellow can see stars. J.E.M.

C.O.P. PROSPECTS FOR S.D.

A GLANCE ALL OVER THE PROVINCE.

Champions and Challenges.

WEST TORONTO DISTRICT, with the wise man from the East, ENSIGN BYERS, at its head, has to raise \$577. And EAST TORONTO DISTRICT, with the gallant woman warrior from the far West, ENSIGN LOWRY, at its head, has to raise \$985. Now, then, for a desperate conflict! Which shall be the conqueror? Will either of them reach the round \$1,000?

—END—

Then comes the AMBITIOUS CITY DISTRICT. \$550 is the mark for this crowd of people. I wish I could say, ENSIGN MCLEAN! Why not challenge your old eastern comrade, Ensign Byers? You have as many people.

—END—

Next comes the BARRIE DISTRICT. Here's another noble woman warrior, ENSIGN SCAR, who, I am sure, has faster than her share of the \$1,000 will be reached and gone past. \$180 is the amount.

—END—

LINDSAY DISTRICT comes next on the list. Two real tried warriors lead on here, who last year conquered in many a battle, ENSIGN and MRS. MALR. BY'S share is \$425. Now, Lindsay District, see if you cannot defeat Barrie!

—END—

Next on the list is the another old, tried woman warrior, ENSIGN GIBBS, the hero of many victories, who will lend her northern comrades and friends on to certain victory in reaching the goal of \$375.

—END—

Now another northern district added to the C. O. P. race last S.-D. OWEN SOUND is the place. ENSIGN GREEN'S share is \$280. Bravo, northern comrades! Rally to your leader's assistance and score a grand and glorious victory.

—END—

The great summer resort district is next. BRACERIDGE is the spot. Here is an old warrior of many years' standing, ENSIGN AIKETT, with a lot of young blood around him as officers, who, I am sure, will help their chief to reach the modest sum of \$275.

—END—

Next comes the COLLINGWOOD DISTRICT. Who has not heard of its great leader, ENSIGN BLACKBURN, one of the oldest officers in Canada? He will leave no stone unturned in reaching his bull's eye of \$255.

—END—

NOW, ENSIGNS GREEN, AIKETT and BLACKBURN, which of you shall wear the laurels in reaching the round \$300! Oh, for some holy rivalry!

—END—

Next comes BOWMANVILLE. Now, my dear old comrades and friends, rally to the help of your brave and loyal leader, ENSIGN TAYLOR, in reaching the mark of \$300 for the district.

—END—

Last on the boards is the GARDEN CITY DISTRICT, St. Catharines, with

ADJUTANT MILLER at the head. This should be an easy task for the great fruit-growing people. \$175 is the target. Some years ago there was a great battle, the north against the south. Now, cannot we have one in 1895, the Southern district, St. Kitts, against the Northern district, Collingwood? Oh, for a hand-to-hand conflict!

—END—

Now, ye D. O.'s, F. O.'s, soldiers, friends, and everybody else, will you deny yourself in helping us to reach the mark, and so roll on the Gospel chariot, till every sinner is saved?

ADJUTANT AYE.

POPULAR FALLACIES About Flesh.

There are a number of fallacies floating about the country concerning flesh food, and as many of the delusions are popular and wide-spread, people on that account often believe in them. My purpose in writing this article is to destroy some of these delusions, by relating the full facts of the case. The first and greatest fallacy is that meat, or the flesh of animals, is a necessity for man. Three-quarters of the world's inhabitants at the present day rarely touch flesh, fish, or fowl, but draw most of their nourishment directly from the vegetable kingdom. The flesh of animals contains nothing that cannot be got better, cheaper and purer—fruits, cereals, pulse, nuts and vegetables. Flesh is only gross, indigestible, vegetable matter, secondhand, and as for being the essence of vegetable substance, it is not. On the contrary, flesh is poor in sustaining qualities, and contains little nourishment. Meat contains nearly

TWELVE OUNCES OF IMPURE WATER

in the pound. A pound of peas, beans, lentils, or oatmeal, barley, rice, Indian meal, wheat-cake, miller's back-wheat is equal to four pounds of flesh meat in food value; and one pound of these foods will give more force to the body for hard work than four pounds of flesh will. Let us readers try the experiment, and flesh will lose its hold on their minds as being a food of much value. After solid flesh we will consider meat soups and essences. These are regarded as being very nourishing, but when actually looked upon as if they contained all the nutriment of meat in a small space. This is another delusion. Beef tea, mutton broth, chicken broth, rabbit broth, skin of beef soup, veal broth, bivalve, and all the rest of the animal soups and broths contain very little nutriment. They contain less nutritious matter than an equal quantity of milk, and a great deal less nutriment than an equal quantity of well-made oatmeal or wheatmeal gruel. For soups to be at all nourishing, they must be thickened with peas, beans, lentils, barley, oatmeal, rice, etc.

As for meat essences, they are more than useless, as they contain waste matter of all sorts which floods the system with stuff it cannot use. The use of animal broths and meat essences in sickness will tend to keep the person ill longer than if he never took them at all. As for omelet, tartar, and other like things, they must all be put down as very poor and very dear articles of diet. As for chicken, lamb, and poultry, being light foods, they take on the plain, even more than to digest, they are best eaten, and are not only but more nourishing. Lastly we have fish fallacies, that fish is

GOOD BRAIN FOOD.

or that it is lighter food than meat. It is not a lighter food than meat, but it does not contain more phosphorus, but it is a little easier of digestion as it contains more water, and is, therefore, more easily broken up by the gastric and other juices. For brain-food, fish is inferior to wheatmeal bread, which really contains phosphates in abundance. If such fish as salmon, eels and mackerel are eaten, then the effect is like eating fat meat, as their flesh contains as much oil. Weights for weight, fish or fowl contain less nutriment than good wheatmeal bread.

(H. T. R. ALLINGTON.)



This is the picture of

MRS. CUTTING,

or "Mother" Cutting, of Essex Centre, who sincerely and practically loves the "Light Brigade" work. She is evidently winning, too, and our readers will pray for her future success. Watch every box holder, dear Mrs. Cutting, and you will conquer.

Hurrah! the P.P. Aroused.

MACDONALD CHALLENGES THE PROVINCE!

Being backed up by Captain Stewart, Cadet Griffith, the local officers, bandmen and soldiers of the corps, and depending upon the generosity of the people of this city, I hereby challenge Victoria, or any other corps in the Pacific Province, to raise more money than Vancouver Self-Denial Week.

(Signed) ALEX. MACDONALD, Ensign, Vancouver.

Self-Denial Victories.

BY ADJUTANT TURNER.

Recollections of last year's battle and victory came up before me as I write these few lines.

I think the chief reasons for the victories of the district I had the oversight of last year are summed up as follows:—

EVERYONE HAD A MIND TO WORK.

Like good Nehemiah of old, we all became builders in the "wall," and with everybody set on fire and prepared to sacrifice, the battle was thoroughly enjoyed.

The officers were very enthusiastic over the matter, the local and bandmen took it up with a will, the soldiers were by no means behind, and with such unity of action a grand victory was secured.

One of the main things for a universal S.-D. victory is to get our people to believe in self-sacrifice.

A great number of people say they cannot sacrifice anything, but when they really get interested, it is surprising how many things they find that they can really give up.

I believe in self-denial for many reasons, among which are:—

1st—Because it brings me in touch with the Spirit of my Master.

2nd—Because by it a greater amount of money can be raised that would otherwise not be got together for the furtherance of the war.

3rd—Because by denying one's self it makes you more fitted to help others into the way of the cross.

4th—There is nothing calculated to stir up the unconverted mind to seek after salvation, and the unsatisfied to seek after holiness, than to see exemplified in others the true self-sacrificing spirit.

The Pacific Coast C.O.P. under Major Ralph's editorialship, is a live, bright, enterprising. A power of success to you, Major H.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the propagation of the Gospel with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
A weekly correspondence to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

MRS. POOTH has again suffered a serious relapse. We can hardly realize how difficult it must be for her to submit to the absolute quiet that has to be enforced, especially with the active, tireless spirit, and her profound interest in the affairs of the whole Dominion, as well as her more immediate branches of the war. God strengthen her. This is self-denial to her of a most unenviable character.

THE SALVATION ARMY makes no apology for its presence in the world. Indeed, its value to our whole humanity is so patent that it has received expressions of the favor of all classes, including Queen Victoria, and all the way down to the starving descendants of Lazarus, whose presence still at the gate is at once civilization's huge disgrace and the Army's most pressing call to action.

OF ALL PLACES in which to try that system of opposition to the Army which makes a cat's-paw of the law, Ontario is, we think, amongst the MOST unlikely. There is sense, and in many cases grace, in the average Ontario man, and he is possessed of respect for religion which would view with no favor the attempt to work up a case against the Army's street work. Hamilton is the latest scene of an action of this sort, which we, however, come to the only fitting flush, such a foolish charge could. Magistrate Jeffs, who dismissed the case, will probably have the approval of 999 out of every 1,000 Hamiltonians in the wise decision to which he came.

IN THIS CONNECTION we would suggest to officious functionaries everywhere that they think twice before they act in their legal capacity against the Salvation Army, for they will have more than their share of people joining a meeting on the roadside to deal with. Those few people represent a big organization, which knows what it is doing, which WILL NOT SURRENDER its right to do its work in the streets, and in this resolve is backed up by universal public sentiment, which cannot be disregarded.

THE HARMONIC HURRICANEERS AT PARRY SOUND.

Eight Souls in the Methodist Church.

For some time the bills had been out announcing that the Harmonic Hurricaneers were going to visit us, and the people were all on the qui vive of expectation. Sunday morning about eight o'clock strains of salvation music were heard, together with the voices of Peck's Bad Boy (reverted), announcing wonderful times at the Union hall. A heart-rendering time at the hall was meeting. In the afternoon Capt. Woolrich and Sister Morris sang, "My Lord Delivered Up Daniel," to the great delight of the people. Sister Fisher and little Lillic's singing and playing were much appreciated. At night the hall was packed, many having to stand. God came very near. Monday night Major Howell arrived, much to the delight of all. On Tuesday the Methodists kindly loaned us their church, which was nicely fitted. Professor Little took charge of the organ and rendered some fine selections. Major sang in typical salvation song. Capt. Woolrich and Sister Morris favored us with one of their famous duets. Major Howell read from God's word and drew in the net. Our hearts were made to rejoice by seeing eight precious souls cry to God for mercy.

MAGGIE.

VANCOUVER.—While our Indian comrades were holding an open-air at Port Eslington recently an enraged slinger, of the Anglo-Saxon type, with a large knife in his hand, made a rush at the drumhead, but his evil intent was foiled by an Indian sister, who threw herself over the head of the drum. Seeing himself defeated, he seized the drumstick from the hand of the drummer and threw it into the sea.



BROTHER AND SISTER TAIT, and Son, Some of our Indian Soldiers of Fort Simpson. A comrade describes them as "Out-and-out Salva-tionists."

Three Indian comrades came down from the north last Saturday seeking enrolment under the yellow, red, and blue. They came to Ensign McDonald with good credentials. After a prolonged interview Ensign concluded they were well saved and fit subjects for enrolment.

The Indians are bound to be Salvationists. They will come to the Army if the Army will not go to them.

C. TOSSELL.

Self-Denial

WELL IN HAND IN NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCE.

This is What Major Bennett Says.

S.-D. PLANS and schemes are well in hand up here in the North-Western Province. Our target, as you will already know, is \$4,000, but we have taken this burden upon us, and the yoke, which is not the most easy, has been placed upon the shoulders of the officers and their corps, and the districts, and the D. O's, and I have not heard one corps or officer say the target that has been fixed for them is too heavy or high, but we are all getting down to work, and mean victory at any cost.

GRAND FORKS.

The following are the district targets:—GRAND FORKS district, ENSIGN GALE, D.O., \$880. The Ensign says he will get this without a doubt, and his faith runs high. I think so, too. Ensign has a fine district, with a good prospect of an enlargement. Let us hope he will have the glory of getting his district up to a THOUSAND DOLLARS. Grand Forks alone is a fine city, and we have a splendid corps of blood-and-fire warriors here who will take second place to no corps in the Province.

BRANDON DISTRICT.

Captain Walton is in charge here. Target fixed at \$850. There are five corps in this district to raise this amount, and it will keep them all their time hustling to get there, but with such a crowd of soldiers as we have at these corps we shall win, no doubt. Now, Captain Walton, you with your noble officers and soldiers, must have victory. The wheat will help you to get it.

WINNIPEG DISTRICT.

Adjutant Rawlings runs this, and he will have to get a move on to get his target, which is \$700, but then with such a corps and a lot of soldiers as he has at Winnipeg, with Ensign Goodwin at the head, he will come off more than conquer.

CALGARY DISTRICT.

This is run from Winnipeg. Their target is \$150. There are two corps in this district. One is 800 miles from P.H.Q., while the other is about 1,000 miles away, but the officers and soldiers are good stuff, and can be relied upon, and I have every confidence in them getting their target.

RAT PORTAGE DISTRICT.

Captain Hewitt is in charge of this district. The target is \$450. There are four corps in this district, and with a good struggle the target will be struck. Comrades, you must finish on the top. I believe the officers and corps are one to get there.

REGINA DISTRICT.

This district has not got a D.O. yet, but is run from P.H.Q. Their target for the four corps is \$440, and I can rely upon the officers straining every nerve to get their corps target. Comrades, "to the front, the cry is ringing," victory must be ours.

FAIRGO DISTRICT.

There is only one corps there at present, but we are opening another on the 10th of this month, and there is a splendid chance of some more fine towns, some of which we hope to open at a very early date. The target for this district is \$275, and Ensign Hughes is the district officer. Every possible effort will be put forth to get it.

Now, officers, and soldiers, I trust you all have got on the armor, and that your sword is well sharpened, and that your powder is dry. Spare not, but attack everybody until they yield up something for S.-D.

I have heard of a soldier in this Province who has got a target for \$125. Beat this, ye warriors bold, if you can. H.H.

Correspondence.

McLean, of Hamilton, Summoned for Obstruction.

60 Napier St., Hamilton.

Dear Major, Capt. Brindley, George Thacker (drummer), and myself received summonses to appear at the Police Court this morning to answer to a charge of obstruction last Monday night. We appeared, and pleaded not guilty, and asked to have the trial postponed until Monday, which was granted. I will tell you the circumstances. We went to the corner of James and Rebecca streets and started our meeting. A crowd, not exceeding fifty people, stood around, not blocking the sidewalk on James street, for people passed up and down while our meeting was going on, and the charge is for obstruction on James street sidewalk. Now, we were on Rebecca, and about eight feet from the inside of James street sidewalk, and the sidewalk on James street is eleven feet wide, so we have a good clear case.

I remain, faithfully yours.

A. McLEAN.



BANDMASTER AND MRS. POE, London.

The above bandmaster was to the front on a recent Sunday morning and had the band parade the streets of London previous to 7 a.m. knee-drill. The human spirit of the West Ontario Province has possessed him and his

dear wife, and as a result you may be sure they will figure prominently, together with the band, in the self-denial battle now upon us, in helping Ensign Richardson win his laurels for Ontario.

GRATTON. N. D.—Oh, yes, it's getting better. When I started up, makes Mrs. Freeman dance. Her words are quite true, and we are proving day after day there is power in the blood of Jesus to save souls and to keep also. Bless His name.—E. Kemp, Capt., L. Gibbs, Lieut.

DISMISSED!

Hamilton Obstruction Case.

MARCH ON, SALVATION ARMY!

Hamilton, Nov. 11, '95.

Police Court case for Obstruction dismissed this a.m., by Magistrate Jeffs. He stated he "knew the Army were doing good," etc.

Yours, etc.,
LANDERS,
Corps Sec'y.

Hamilton I., Ont.

S. D. Challenges Up to Date.

THE CHALLENGE!

Ensign Rennie, in charge of St. John I., Nfld, challenges any corps, from Halifax to London, Ont, to beat them by raising more S.-D. money.

THE ACCEPTANCE!

Ensign Richardson, in charge of London, Ont, accepts the challenge.

"God bless the combatants!"

A SINGLE-HANDED CONTEST!

Ensign Ronnie also challenges any Staff Officer, in charge of a District, to collect more money than she does for S.D.

Will anyone pick up the gauntlet?

HURRAH FOR McDONALD!

Ensign McDonald, in charge of Vancouver, B.C., challenges Victoria, or any other corps in the Pacific Province, to raise more money for S.D.

It is useless to expect peace of heart without entire surrender to God. You can't derive effective results from attempting to shoot a gun or just little bit.

Nov. 30th
To Dec. 7th.

A TRIUMPH of SELF-DENIAL

GRACE DARLING!

A SELF-DENIAL STORY THAT
THRILLS WITH INTEREST.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Grace Darling is a name written in indelible letters upon the brain and heart of the past and the present generation. It was one simple act of heroism wrote it there,

AN UNFLINCHING RALLY TO
DUTY

In the face of death. The story has been so often told that to retell it seems a vain repetition, but this is the hour when such records help in our path of self-denial. Let us therefore give it again, and see what lesson we can learn from the telling.

The North Sunderland Lighthouse stands upon a rugged promontory on the north-east coast of England. Few spots around that surf-beaten island are more subject to the wild caprices of the ocean storm, and never a gleam came upon the troubled waves, of all the coast-lights of Britain, has been more anxiously looked for or more heartily hailed, than that which illumines the rocks just north of the Weir.

In September, 1838, the lighthouse was inhabited solely by a man named Darling, and a girl of some twenty-two summers, his only daughter. On the particular night in question, a gale was beating up, which soon lashed the waves into foam, hurling them against the lighthouse.

TILL ITS FOUNDATIONS FAIRLY
SHOOK.

It was the storm that heralded the father and daughter to the stupendous act of their lives.

In the year 1838 steamers were not made as they are now, and the "Farewell," bound from Hull to Dundee with a considerable number of passengers, found it more than she could do to make headway against such an ocean torrent. In a fatal moment her machinery gave out, and helpless before the wind she drifted to the rocky shore, and struck where the Sunderland light shot through the darkness ahead of her.

The day broke, and with its silver dawn the keeper and his daughter were astir, scanning the shore for any signs of distress or any sign of the night's devastation. Straight ahead of them loomed above the crested billows the ghastly form of the "Farewell" on the rocks, with her passengers and crew clambering into the rigging and raising signals of distress. Between the lighthouse and these imperiled mariners lay an awful abyss of seething waters.

"What could he do?" There was but a frail boat, which Darling, the keeper, felt sure could never live in such a sea, and besides, the greater difficulty presented itself—there was but one oarsman, and that was himself. The difficulties of the situation had all but overcome the keeper when Grace, his daughter,

STRICKEN WITH HORROR

at the picture before her, urged him to attempt the rescue, and volunteered to go herself. The opportunity of the gentle girl, cast the last weight which turned the wavering balance, and the boat was hauled from its resting-place. Then was enacted a scene which has thrilled the hearts of millions. Artists have painted it, poets versed it, composers written it,

talkers depleted it, while the whole civilized world has applauded. Grace Darling, that gentle girl of twenty-two, holding back the foam of her throbbing heart, actually takes her place in the boat, which anyone who lingered for thought or controversy would surely have concluded was

A COFFIN FOR A WATERY GRAVE.

She is caught on the crest of a mad billow and flung from sight. Again she appears from out the trough of the sea, now pulling with all the vigor of her woman's zeal and her woman's love. The wreck is reached, and seven precious souls are hauled into the boat and rowed back to the warmth and comfort of the lighthouse hearth and home. They were the only seven saved, and all that

saved them was the bravery of that noble girl and her noble father.

Now, what has all this to teach us? It is a text from actual life. By the conduct of Grace Darling we may learn three things:—

1.—HER COURAGE WAS GREATER
THAN HER NATURAL WEAKNESS.

Naturally, physically, mentally she was only a weak girl. The difficulties confronting her were all but impossible of overcoming. Had she stayed to think or consider, she would have found she had no strength for the rowing of such waters, no constitution for the braving of such elements, no nerve for the holding out against so great a strain of circumstances. She would have found herself but a woman trying to fight a

hurricane, a weak girl trying to attack a blizzard! But she gave herself no time for such thoughts. Rather she hauled herself over to the stronger impulse of her courage. The brave spirit within her carried all before it.

Now, so must we act in this Self-Denial battle. Let no one start to measure up his weakness. It is for you to dare, it is for God to enable you to do! Darling is three-fourths of the battle. My brother, my sister, you will surprise yourself if you can but get up courage. God give us all more holy courage.

2.—THE SENSE OF DUTY IN THIS
GIRL WAS GREATER THAN THE
SENSE OF FEAR.

See how much there was to make



SELF-DENIAL IN EARNEST—A B

Will you follow "Grace Darling's" example during
SELF-DENIAL WEEK

NIAL—FOLLOW ON!

Nov. 30th
To Dec. 7th.



ROUND HEADQUARTERS.

Mrs. Booth met all the city lassie officers at the Temple for a council on Nov. 11.

Colonel Holland is taking the Staff Band to the various city corps on successive Sundays. A special S.D. programme will appear in due time.

Brigadier Jacobs can spare little time for aught else but farm matters. He's head over heels busy in this new farm of ours.

Major Read is hard at the S.D. and Light Brigade.

Major Collier and some of the Social Staff spent a profitable time at Dovecourt on the 10th.

Staff-Capt. Horn, our worthy Trade Manager, is directing his thoughts towards the bargain line. Look out, ye buyers.

Whose wedding is that announced among the coming events? Well, 'twill be out shortly, I guess.

Adjutant Turner dropped in on us the other day. Evidently things are on the move in his direction, according to what he says about them.

Our Photo Engraving Department is busy making some nice colored slides for the G. B. M. agents.

BERMUDA: Wanted, at once, some musical instruments for our pioneers, such as autoharps, violins, a drum, etc. Send quick, in time for the dedication and flag presentation in Toronto.

CANDIDATES: Please note that you are required to enclose \$1 with your application, to cover cost of printing, postage, and other expenses.

Ensign Wiseman, of Ottawa, has secured fifty cords of wood for the Ottawa corps. This will tide him nicely over the winter. A wise man indeed!

Hamilton No. 1. is under a cross fire. The first battery (the Police Corps) is shelled; now the obstructionists who oppose the city's grant towards the proposed Men's Shelter have to be dealt with. Captain McLean has two worthy aides in Trear, Provost and See. Landers, and the Army has nothing to fear, the more investigation the better, in fact we like anything better than indifference and stagnation.

SILKIRK.—Sunday, knee-drill at 6 a.m. Much of the Spirit's power all day. One soul wanted to get saved, but wouldn't yield. Our brass band will soon be in good trim.—A Canuck.

HAMILTON.—Good meetings in the past week. Souls have been coming to God. Four prodigals have come home. Soldiers are looking up, and are coming out better.—Captain W. Brindley.

And Sacrifice your Ease and Comfort for the Sake
of your Unfortunate Neighbour?



THE LASSIE TO THE RESCUE.

her afraid. To a woman death is a far more ghastly foe than to a man. Women are made for the sunlight of life, and the grave is a darker abode to them than their brothers. How natural that this girl should have shuddered at going thus into the jaws of annihilation! What convulsions of fear might have seized her heart! How could she, a lone girl, go out in the wild gale in so frail a craft? How?—only just because her sense of duty was stronger than all such fears. And oh! what a power is duty when it is once understood and realized! If we can only get it upon our minds and hearts that it is our duty to God and a dying world to raise every dollar we can, how we shall bid our fears and our doubts go to the wind! God help us to see the signals from

the wrecks around us and do our duty.

3.—THE LOVE OF THIS GIRL FOR OTHERS WAS GREATER THAN HER LOVE FOR HERSELF.

Here is the secret spring of all noble actions. It is what we do for others that is going to tell. Oh, that blessed power of love, that over-reaching, over-mastering, all-conquering impulse of love!

Oh, that this Self-Denial Week we may each get a richer baptism of that dying love of Jesus Christ! It will make the task a pleasure, a delight, a joy forever! For

Love will soften every sorrow,
Love will lighten every care,
Love unquenchably will follow,
Love will triumph, love will dare!

STARS AND STRIPES.

St. Louis VI. has been successfully opened.

D. O. Cousins has opened a new corps at Green Island, Nebraska.

Cutting, binding, and color printing are soon to be used as auxiliaries in improving the value of the already brilliant New York Cry.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is having a hugely successful trip along the Pacific coast; indeed, the trip is said to be among the most important that has ever engaged Mrs. Booth's time and effort.

Editor Milsaps has been royally welcomed at the National Headquarters, New York. One hundred and two persons, all connected with the various departments, rolled up to show "welcome."

Tom Bowling and Tommy Atkins well cared for.

WHAT OUR NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE IS DOING.

The November Letter from Major Lewis.

Many happy returns of the day. This I am sure will be the heart-felt expression of hundreds of soldiers and sailors as they send a special word of thanksgiving to God for having caused our League to be founded a year ago.

What a happy year's record we have to look back upon! Stimulus has been given to work amongst soldiers and sailors all round the world. We have a distinct membership of over 400, whilst large numbers of men have expressed their desire for the Salvation Army to be placed on the same footing as the other recognised religious denominations. But this is not all. Gibraltar has been opened, and God has indeed richly owned the work there. Already Adj. and Mrs. Ellis have pleaded for additional help, and asked for permission to start a Training Home for S. A. officers on the spot. Candidates for the work have offered, and the movement flourishes grandly. The meetings in the South front school room are

PUBLISHED IN BATTALION ORDERS.

and our desire to promote the men's welfare is thoroughly recognised.

Ensign and Mrs. Pike will sail for Malta (D.V.) early this month, and we undoubtedly meet with a noble reception at the hands of our plucky members who have held on so bravely as true soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Colonel Wright reports well of our bright little band at Hong Kong, and strongly urges the sending of officers at once. They had a splendid march and thoroughly stirred up the place. Our leaders received a tremendous cheer-up.

A new scheme is on foot for Aldersburgh, which, carried out, I may refer to in my next.

Self-Denial amounts have come in from several of our stations and ships that are unattached to a local branch tell how many promotions have been conferred on a number of our Leaguers, thus showing that a truly consistent life is

APPRECIATED AND RULED UPON in the right quarters. The activity at our Home Stations continues most marked. We must have S. A. N. & M. Homes at our Naval and Military centres. But we are only young yet. We will plod on. The unity of our members is beautiful—soldiers, sailors, and working side by side with one heart and aim, to lead poor sinners to Christ.

The intelligence and business-like qualities displayed by our secretaries and sergeants is one of the most hopeful signs of future success.

Adj. Archibald, the Pacific D. O., who is on furlough in England, looked in at my office to see me about what could be done for the Pacific Fleet. He gave a good account of our comrades, including Bro. Milling, of the "Royal Arthur," who also gave about lecturing on the Salvation Army, and testifying for Jesus. I told the Adjutant what had been done by comrades elsewhere, and suggested he should, on his return, organize a Naval Brigade, and open a Sailors' Home. I am sure the Commandant will gladly do something for them, if at all possible. Our Leaguers might do a good deal themselves in this direction by getting in touch with our Leaders at these Foreign Stations, and laying their needs before them. Just a cottage rented to start with, would be better than nothing, so that the men might feel they had

A LITTLE PLACE OF THEIR OWN, where they could meet and praise God without rebuke. Those men under conviction of sin would soon find them out and seek salvation.

Some of our comrades have been subject to great persecution, both soldiers and sailors, and a few also, alas, have succumbed to the fiery test. Pray for them.

I want to ask your prayers, too,

for Commissioner Booth-Tucker, the Foreign Secretary, under whose shelter, and that of Consul Booth-Tucker, the Naval and Military League is so kindly encouraged onward in its difficult work. The Commissioner leaves England this month to join the General in Ceylon and India. He will leave with many anxieties in his heart, owing to the delicacy of his youngest little daughter, and the great strain of the work of the Foreign Office that will fall upon Mr. Consul Booth-Tucker. But God will accept and bless the sacrifice.

Major Bennett's Tour, AND COMMENTS THEREON.

More New Openings—Is Marriage a Failure?

MOOSE JAW.

I spent two days and a night at this place and found Captain Dwyer and the soldiers full of fight. I had the best march and open-air I ever had at this corps, and indoors we had a splendid meeting. We had a large meeting, and the day after I left, the long-looked-for Lieutenant arrived and cheered the Captain's heart very much.

REGINA

was my next corps, where I had the pleasure of spending two nights and leading two lovely Salvation meetings. I also enrolled some recruits. Found that most of the soldiers were busy threshing in the country. Some came a long way to be present. The city seemed to be hemmed in with prairie fires. The police and the people have had some hard times fighting prairie fires this fall and many a farmer has lost all he had.

I found the officers at this corps well and happy, and they seemed to be very comfortable in their new quarters.

PRINCE ALBERT.

I left for this corps in the morning and a long, weary trip of 250 miles. We were thirteen hours during this journey, but I got there at last, and was met by Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Gardener, and a host of soldiers. After a prayer-meeting and some supper I was glad of a night's rest, and was up on time at knoll drill, where we had a very spiritual time. At the holiness meeting five were out for the blessing of a clean heart. The afternoon and night meetings were well attended.

Monday night I gave a special address to a good audience. Tuesday was a good time, and after the first meeting we had a glorious soldiers' meeting. Wednesday was my last night in this northern corps, and I was announced to talk upon "In Marriage a Failure." I conducted a wedding and a good time, and did not close without a good, pointed, definite prayer meeting.

Thursday morning, up at 3.30, caught the train for a very early trip inland in Regina in time to catch the east-bound train.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

I spent the night on the cars, and arrived in Portage early in the morning, after travelling some thirty hours at a stretch. I conducted a wedding and two wedding feasts, and went in to the building matters. I left for Winnipeg, and took the Sunday's meetings, where I saw four seek the blessing and one salvation.

NEW OPENINGS.

It has been decided to open Whispering, N.D., in the Fargo district, on November 6th. Ensign Lee and Lieut. Petch are the officers appointed. I pray God will make them a mighty power and give them hundreds of souls.

This other corps to be opened on this date is Devil's Lake, in the Grand Forks district. The officers appointed are Captain and Mrs. Westcott. My prayer is that God will give them a great harvest of souls.

"God's finger does not light the fires of hell; every sinner makes his own hell." "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great a salvation."



Somebody, visiting the City Social Institutions for women and children, writes: "It is delightful to see with what order and precision everything is carried on. All so neat, and dainty, and sweet, when one considers the character of the work accomplished, and the class of society dealt with. One thing that impressed me, especially, was the anxiety there seemed to be amongst the officers, in each home alike, to carry out the wishes of their leader. Even though Mrs. Booth may be behind the scenes, through sickness, things appear to go ahead with equal system and simplicity. There was not the slightest trace of any necessity for a pulling up to time, that I could discern."

"The contented children in the shelter respond to the drill—even to the two-year-olds—with the comical precision of a militia regiment. Indeed, for obedience and happiness, these walls might be envied and copied by many a more highly-favored child."

The Women's Shelter on Agnes Street, is a splendid chance for any poor soul who is anxious to start a new life—but, alas, as one of the officers said, sighing, "There are so few who are really willing to leave their sin and serve God."

"I DO HATE DEBT." This is one of the leading articles of faith in the creed of the whole Rescue Staff, from Mrs. Booth, the devoted leader and head, to the newest Cadet in any and all of the eight Homes.

"I do hate debt," writes a satirist, "but really the Lord does help us so. I am sorry I have any liabilities on my report this time, but a man here told us he would haul all our coal for us if we would get it this week, and though that meant a few dollars extra, coal is so much cheaper this time of year."

"We had some coal given lately and two barrels of flour, and a letter from a soldier in Truro to say he was sending us a bushel of potatoes. Isn't the Lord good?"

"The poor little one that died this week was

WORSE LOOKING THAN 'SKINNY MINNIE'."

(the Witch-Baby). Poor mite! It was better she died—her mother did not love her."

Captain Barter, who was obliged, through illness, to leave the work she loves so much at the Women's Shelter, writes from Victoria: "I seemed to grow weaker and weaker of late, but, thank God, I am feeling stronger, more hopeful, though I AM learning to leave the future in God's hands. Satisfied He knows best. If I should go out to work for Him again I feel this time of waiting will have fitted me for it."

Words of Wisdom.

A great many prayers aim at nothing, and hit it!

Good advice is slim diet for an impoverished stomach.

He teaches best who is daily learning something new.

What every man is in God's sight that is he, and no more.

Philosophy seeks for truth; Theology finds it; Religion possesses it.

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.

Many a close-mouthed Christian does his cursing with his eyebrows.

Indulgence in smoking is the cause of the fast-increasing "Cigarette Cancers."

Quaker Woolman

Found Life in dying, and lived in the GLORY OF SELF-DENIAL!

Described by Whitman as a "heroic and beautiful spirit, redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness."

"From his childhood he had communion with the invisible God. To give himself up wholly to the service of God, to place his whole trust in God, and in all things to act on an inward principle of virtue, became the constant aim and practice of his life. Through 'the revelation of Jesus Christ' he saw 'the happiness of humanity'; and when increasing trade presented the prospect of wealth, he deliberately turned away, and became a journeyman tailor. So he lived and laboured, embracing in his wide-reaching love the negro slave, the Indian savage, the poverty-stricken miners, the factory workers, and agricultural laborers of England, loving them all, not as a professional philanthropist, but because he could not help it; loving them as a mother loves her child."

"He found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but believed that slavery, upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly love God, were acceptable to Him." "All true Christians are of the same spirit." Thomas a Kempis and John Huss were both, in his belief, "sincere-hearted followers of Christ." Nor does he leave us in doubt as to his conception of Christianity. Once in a time of sickness, sickness near to death, in the night hours he had a vision. He seemed to have forgotten his own name, and to be mixed with a class of his own people in an great misery as they could be and live, so that his separate identity was gone. Then he heard the angels sing, "John Woolman is dead," and wondered greatly what the heavenly voice might mean in his case. He was told that others came to his bedside, and asked them if they knew who he was. They thought he was light-headed, but he did not tell them his vision, though he greatly longed to understand the mystery. "I was told that the speech was difficult; at length 'I felt a Divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and I then said,

'I AM CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST,

nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that the language, 'John Woolman is dead,' meant no more than the death of my own will." No more than the death of his own will; a mere training of Christian doctrine. When in his case, it was but a theological tenet, but the ruling principle of life. Christ's salvation meant to him no more than that, but also no less. All his days he was striving towards that, enduring petty, and therefore most painful, humiliations, and the esteem of best-loved friends, undertaking the hardest tasks, and straining after what may would account

AN EXAGGERATED SELF-DENIAL.

It was in later life that he had that vision, yet after a course which to most would have seemed flawless, or its only flaw an excess of self-regard, he still regards himself as a repentant sinner, and hears the angels sing over his return as "a triumph of the human will." "John Woolman was his religion; yet he meant nothing mystical, only the death of his own will."

If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.

Who in heart not ever kneels, neither sin nor Saviour feels.

Christ is both the Fountain and the Stream for watering the soul.

Total abstinence from all sin is the only practical rule of the Christian life.

If thou hast always been good, be compassionate; if thou hast ever been bad do not lose the recollection of it.

Two baronesses were among the workers. Colonel Oliphant's Headquarters, Finland, meetings.

How Louis was Twice Saved.

DO OUR SHELTERS HELP THE POOR MAN?

Remember Your Self-Denial will Help our Social Scheme.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" and the Cadet eyed the now-comer all over. This Cadet was getting quite used to having all kinds of people calling on him in the little coal and wood office, and it did not take him long to size up his man. Short, stout, dark eyes and hair, he looked what he was, a hard-working man, "down on his luck."

"Can you give me a job, sir?" he said, in a broken French accent.

"How long have you been out of a job?" asked the Cadet.

"I haven't had any steady work since last fall," said the man, "and only a day or two at that."

"What do you work at when you work?"

"I'm a sailor, sir, and my vessel was laid up four months ago. I have

A MASTER'S CERTIFICATE

in my pocket. Here it is. You will see I am what I say I am."

"Well, that seems all right. And you're dead broke now?"

"Yes, sir, I am, a cent."

"Well, if you like to go to work in the Yard here you can get a ticket for your work. That will give you your meals and bed over at the Shelter across the road."

The Cadet said the way, and Louis followed, glad to have at last found a helping hand. He seized the axe, and the Cadet left him working as if his life depended on it.

But by his last story, came out. Born in the Province of Quebec, of Catholic parents, he had followed a sailor's life since his early youth. But by his life he had worked himself up until he had command of several vessels. Then times grew hard, his friends only hated while the lakes were open. Slowly he drifted down, and finally he found himself penniless and almost starving one early spring morning. Discouraged and heart-sick, he wandered through the streets of Toronto, looking in a listless kind of way for work, until at length the name "Salvation Army" on the board over the Woodyard office caught his eye. He entered

ALMOST DESPERATE,

and found work and friends.

A few days after there was an opening for a cook on our Social farm. Louis was sent there, and, being like most sailors, able to do a little of everything, gave complete satisfaction.

When the lakes were once more open, Louis left the farm intending to get a ship, but on his way stopped over night at the Shelter. There was a meeting that night, and Louis sat attentively at the table.

"I see it all now," said he, after it was over. "Man's heart must be changed, or life's no good."

The next day he came to one of the officers and said, "I like John you." The officer soon found that he knew what he was talking about, and calling two or three others, prayed and sang with him until he knew that his will was well. A few hours after, he was on his way to Owen Sound to get a ship.

The officers saw nothing of him for several months, but when navigation had closed he returned to the Shelter, and was able to give the testimony which he had been kept from drink and tobacco all the summer by the grace of God.

To-day he is driving nails and doing anything to be done on the Social farm, glad to be among his friends once more, and grateful to God that there was a Social Army to help him, both soul and body, to a better way of living.

"COMRADE"

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

[We have received three reports from this corps this week—on the last day—May 10th, from the treasurer, and another from the builder. We are much pleased at the interest shown by these comrades, but please, why not arrange to take it in turns to report, or else have a regular

correspondent? We insert the one containing the most news in the briefest space. Whose is it?—Ed.]

Sunday powerful meetings all day. Deep conviction, and brother who did not yield, went home in misery and spent a miserable sleepless night. On Thursday night, before the close of the first meeting, he volunteered out. He was quickly followed by his friend, a young man who worked in the same factory. It is a long time since we have seen converts so filled with holy joy, and it was so contagious that an officer and two Newfoundlanders dropped in. On Friday night the wife of the former convert came out. Also a dear sister who, some years ago, was a good soldier. On Saturday night a young girl was so powerfully convicted of sin, she could not leave the building unshaken. Wept and sobbed at the penitential form. The next thing is an enrolment on Thursday.

BRANTFORD.—This week has been one of victory. Officers away all week to Guelph, to help the Guelph corps. So the local work has been very high old times. Sergeant Mrs. Heall and Sister Broughton sold War Cry on Saturday, and who should drop in but Lieutenant for Saturday and Sunday. Saturday night was a real rouser. Sunday afternoon a fine march, and a short open-air. Had a big crowd. Inside was a Salvation Hurricane. Happy Joe was very happy, and so was everybody else. Christians could not get a chance, they were too slow. Two poor backsliders sought salvation. 7:30 p.m. again finds us in the market square. Didn't those bench bishops feel happy? The march was out of the rut, people looked amazed, but drew a crowd, a bigger crowd and more collection than any time since Capt. G. Mackenzie took charge. G. B. M. man collar one poor sister that was going out the meeting. She said, "I feel like doing my work with my life." She went. —J. B. Heall, S.C.

MORRISVILLE.—Capt. Brookshire and Lieut. Kirkwood, who have been fartravelled, did a noble work in our midst, not only in the meetings, but they went to work to get a quarters of our own. So the old barracks has been renovated and done over into a beautiful, bright, comfortable and neat little quarters, clear of debt. Praise the Lord! Cadet Curry, from Cornwall, who is first in class, carpenter, worked very helpfully. And we have to thank the many friends who came so gladly and nobly to our assistance in giving money and work. We were sorry to have to part with one officer so quickly, after working and toiling faithfully for about three months. But through sickness Captain was compelled to rest. Capt. Hill has passed ten clinics, and I fully believe God is going to send him to do more work in this place. The meetings are good, and deep conviction can be seen stamped on many faces. Already donations are coming in in the shape of clothing, etc., and the War Cry is sold out before Sunday. What a rise?—Ed.] Hallelujah! — ONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE WAR.

PARIS.—Good news, victory's coming. Saturday night a wonderful time. Hollows meeting—ask the poor child, who fell at the feet of Jesus. Thought of it. Mr. Editor, this poor woman was staggering up the street in a most pitiful condition. She heard the Army singing. She said she could not go by. She took a seat by the door, but was going back to the front. The night broke our hearts. The blood was gushing from her nose. One of the sisters took her out and got the blood stopped. She came in and fell at the feet of Jesus. She was a Roman Catholic, who was owned by her relatives through drink, but Jesus owned her. He loved her and took her in. Our sister soldiers are earning for her. Still protesting. Christian says, "There is no use for the Army in Paris." I wonder what they would do with that case! Afternoon and night was better felt than told.—See W. McLaughlin, S.C.

NAPANEE.—Since last report God has been blessing us and saving souls, but with us were rejoicing over victory our hearts were made sad at the loss of a dear comrade, who was called from time into eternity, but left a testimony behind that he had "gone on to life with Jesus." We had a very impressive memorial service on Friday night, when two precious souls felt their need of a Saviour and came to Him. Victory is ours, hallelujah! Lieut. May Ward.

PARRY SOUND.—Sunday all day good crowds, soldiers all in for victory. God came very near. At night one soul, a backslider, volunteered and hallelujah!—Mag. Pic.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.—Glory to God for His work. We had the joy of seeing two backsliders coming to God. There are more to follow. We want to see the kingdom of God extended and more brought to Him.—Jamie Boyles.

LESLIBRO CIRCLE CORPS.—On Saturday and Sunday we held meetings at Albert. Good crowds, good lively Salvation meetings. On Wednesday and Thursday we had Ensign Creighton and Captain Campbell with us, teaching of power, licensing and salvation.—Day and Buffet.

NEW GLARROW.—Good times here, crowds larger, hall too small. Interest increasing, soldiers getting more fire. Ensign feels at home among these shouters and is full of expectation for a glorious water of victory. One soul; more to follow.—Captain Penney.

NEWCASTLE.—On Thursday the meeting was in charge of the sisters, led on by Mrs. Knight. Brothers went out from us. Our congregations are so large and so warmly. Cold weather coming on, they are glad to come in off the street to where it is warm. Then this fall there is a larger number of boats in than usual, and the men and boys from these are coming in a large number. Good blessing them.—Carrie Reeves, L.A.B.

KEMPTVILLE.—Every week crowds and collections are increasing, and last Sunday, after a hard fight all day, our wanderer came back to God. This is just the droppings, the showers are coming up in the Junior work, too, we are having victory. Every day since we started their numbers are increasing. This is very encouraging. We mean to do it all we can to get them saved. The Junior Soldier Manual is very interesting and is pleasant to us. Yours for Jesus.—Amy Norman, Lieutenant.

FENELON FALLS.—Saturday night we had a pound meeting, which was a success. The parcels came in fast. They consisted of pork, beef, chicken, butter, sugar, cheese, tea, bread, cake, pie, and others too numerous to mention, and best of all, one soul at the close of the meeting. Hallelujah! Sunday all day God came very near and blessed our souls. At the close of the day's fight, we were glad to rejoice over one soul seeking salvation, making two for the week-end.—Capt. Wynn and wife.

NEWMARKET.—Our faithful correspondent, "Old Knowall," has sent in a detailed report of the visit of the Band to Holland's Landing, Newmarket, and aurore. He attended the meetings at all these places. We are compelled through a lack of space to deprive our readers of the pleasure of reading this report. Our sincere hope is, however, tendered to our kind brother "Old Knowall" have been so welcome in days gone by. The gist of the report is that large audiences and splendid musical treats were the order of the day, and everybody says "Come again, boys." Mrs. Staff-Captain Horn conducted the night meeting at Newmarket, while the band did Aurora.

VICTORIA, B.C.—We are still in for winter. Captain Cowan has been heartily welcomed into our midst. Lieut. Ziebart is assisting in the command of the corps. Spring Ridge outpost, which was opened some six weeks previous to time of writing, is making headway. We hear the encouraging news that the crowds are increasing, and hope to very soon report souls. At No. 1, as "we" are called, the week's meetings were good. A "brothers' meeting" has been announced for the coming week. Quite a novelty. We should be very glad to it with great expectation. Watch the War Cry. Ensign Patterson says that the Shelter is going ahead like a house on fire, so you will likely hear something about it later.—Annie Reilly, C.

HUNTINGDON.—We have spent a few days cutting wood, and drawing it in for the winter. A farmer a few miles from town told us we could have two or three trees that were in the field, providing we cleared away roots and stumps. We thanked him and the Captain and I started to work. The wood is now all piled up in the woodshed ready for winter's use. The

fight here has been somewhat difficult, but, praise God, He is with us and helping us. Sunday we had a beautiful time. We had with us a sister, Sister Adams, from Point St. Charles. We had a very appreciative audience both afternoon and night. At night we wound up with one soul at the cross. This brother came to a meeting at one of our outposts two weeks ago and asked to be prayed for. Praise God! We believe that God is going to give us some wonderful times in the soul-saving line here.—Geo. Nyland, Lieut.

SIMCOE DISTRICT.—Secretary Colman, Mrs. Miller, who is now some 100 miles last week, visited each corps in district, cheered up our comrades, had one soul, landed home in good time Friday night for a welcome home tea the Simcoe corps and friends had prepared for us.—Capt. Clark, of Tilsonburg, is down sick with typhoid fever. Comrades, pray for him.—Ensign and Mrs. Fox have just taken hold of Woodstock, with faith bright for victory and plans already made for S.D. battle. Things are looking good at Norwich. Capt. and Mrs. Rowe lead the way.—Now comrades, get ready for the S.D. battle. Have everything hot and dried. Don't leave everything out the door, as you go out, or you will be cold or something else will happen. Pray much. Let us look to God for help and victory.—G. Miller, D.O.

SHELBURNE.—The days of prophesies are still here. An old lady in Orangeville, who is one of the truest spirits of divination, says there will be four years' desperate struggle with the S. A., after which the sun shall shine. The end is not as yet. Ensign Blackburn has got a novel rig to visit his district. In the Junior work, too, we are having victory. Every day since we started their numbers are increasing. This is very encouraging. We mean to do it all we can to get them saved. The Junior Soldier Manual is very interesting and is pleasant to us. Yours for Jesus.—Amy Norman, Lieutenant.

MEET THREE MEN. One had a gun, which went bang. Scared the horse, the spring in front of rig broke, occupants went spluttering head over heels. Got up, spitfire our sides laughing. Made our way to a blacksmith and got fixed up. The lads are doing well at Orangeville. They get rid of a bag of potatoes within a week. Ensign's hair turning grey. Jesus is good. Brethren, pray for our Captain Lewis, for Ensign S. Blackburn.

ADJUTANT TURNER TALKS

On Things Up to Date in the West Ont Prov.

Adjutant Turner, the West Ontario Province second man, looked fresh as a daisy when he called at the office den recently. London all evidently agrees with him. Mrs. Turner, too, he says, is equally well. The Adjutant is keeping well saved and is in the war his way. He is, he says, being saved at Ridgeway, a hard, hard place I recently visited, we saw eleven seekers for salvation.

RICHARDSON TO FIGHT RENNIE.

"I've seen that challenge of Ensign Rennie's. We are not afraid of it, and Ensign Richardson, of London, has taken it up on behalf of London corps. St. John's will have to FIGHT to hold their own."

J. S.

"J. S.? Yes, I have just had a splendid day with the Juniors in London, eleven penitents, ages ranged from 11 to 15 years. J. S. work at London is going well,—it is properly organized. Ingersoll and St. Thomas are about distinguished for good J. S. corps."

"Is the newly-arrived J. S. Manual any good?" we queried.

"Yes, a splendid help."

S.D.

"How are S.D. prospects generally?"

"The reply came in tones of quiet assurance. 'Oh, I think we shall come out all right.'"

"You mean the Province?"

"Yes, the Province, and district, too."

J. C.

We spring of advice by words, but teach the masses by example.

SALVATION SONGS

FOR SALVATION MEETINGS.

Tunes—"Stella," B.J. 25; "Sovereignty," B.B. 21, or "Euphony," B.J. 188.

Oh, sinner, listen to His voice,
And make the Saviour now your choice;
Your soul will soon be called away
To face the dreadful Judgment Day.
If still unsaved when death doth come,
Oh, think how dreadful is thy doom.

Think of the Saviour's wondrous love,
He left His Father's home above
To bleed and die on Calvary's tree,
To save lost souls like you and me.
How can you still His mercy spurn,
And from His love and goodness turn?

Before the throne just now He stands,
He shows His wounds and spreads His hands;

When Justice cries to cut them down,
Christ still in tender love is found
To plead once more for pardoning grace,
That even you may seek His face.

CARRIE SAGE, Montreal I.

Tunes—"I'm happy," B.B. 47, or "Christians, awake," B.J. 14d.

Once long ago a Voice spoke to my heart,
Bidding me rise, from sinful ways depart;
I heard the call, and from that hour
I know
The precious blood of Jesus keeps me
White as snow.

Chorus.

'Tis flowing, 'tis flowing,
The precious blood I know
Will cleanse your heart,
And also make you white as snow.

Many have come to-day they know
The joy,
They've found the peace, which nothing
Can do away with now.
While they are true and faithful here
Below,
His precious blood will keep their
Hearts as white as snow.

Backslider, you have wandered from the fold,
Far from your God, on mountains
Lone and cold.
Will you return? He's seeking for you
Still,
Come, give up wrong and start again
To do His will.

CAPT. KEMP, Grafton, N.D.

FOR FREE-AND-EASY MEETINGS.

Tunes—"Stick to the Army, lads!" B.J. 87, or "Bound for Canaan's Shore," B.J. 112.

When first I saw the Army band,
(The truth I'm telling you,
I said they would to make a show,
And none of them were true,
I thought the uniform a fright,
And, oh, those cymbals, too!
But worst of all that I had met,
Was the bonnet trimmed with blue.

Chorus.

Stick to the Army, lads.

I vowed that from that very night
From the Army I would stay,
For all of them were crasy quite,
And on their downward way.
But, strange to say, the following
night

I went again to view
A band who had sung so nice
In a bonnet trimmed with blue.

That night, thank God, my heart
Was changed,
I joined the holy crew,
I've given up all my fancies now
For an Army suit of blue.

No matter what the people say,
I'll push my pathway through,
And fight for God with all my might
In a bonnet trimmed with blue.
CADET SELINA NEWELL, St. John's
I., Newfoundland.

Tune—"Linger longer, Loo."

(This beautiful tune is perhaps the best of any I have
heard for many years. Although not allowed to be played
on the street man's organ, and consequently not so
familiar to the masses as some for info for invalids,
it is conceded to be a great hit.)

So drear and dull in life's gray morn
Seemed all I knew of earth,
No sun gleamed high in Turkey sky,
All men were little worth.
The banner, bisoned "Gain and Get"
Still floated, as of old,
The darling motto of a world
Where men will die for gold;
That motto your own heart shows
The whisper came from hell—
When through the mist a pure Voice
rose,
Of Calvary's love to tell.

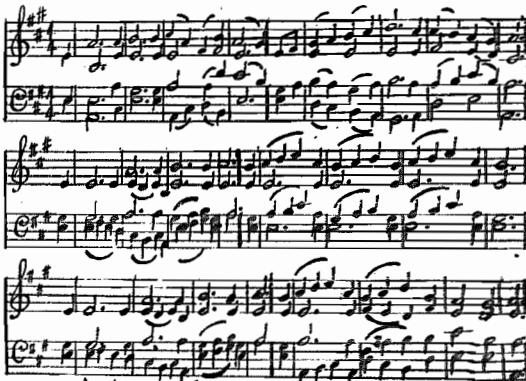
Now:—

Jesus is my Saviour,
Jesus in my King—
All the strength of love and duty
To His feet I bring.
None need dwell in sorrow,
In His name's delight,
I will ever follow Him till
Faith be lost in sight.

Is there a man who, mean and small,
Schemes, grasps, and piles his
wealth,
Esteeming riches all in all,
Or with a wolfish stealth
Will sacrifice his meagre years
For honors men can give,
Who struggles on through blood and
tears
For empty fame to live?

AN OLD SELF-DENIAL SONG,

Which has never worn out.



And can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
The mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:

Oh, let him from self arise,
And loathing puny aims,
Shine star-like o'er his claims,
And joy to meet Thy claims.
For:—

W. H. HARDING.

FOR HOLINESS MEETINGS.

Tunes—"Anything for Jesus," B.B. 76.
Jesus, I will love Thee, love Thee
every day.

Serve Thee every moment, follow all
the way;
If the cross be given, heavy be my
share,
Gladly will I bear it, then a crown
I'll wear.

Chorus.

All my life I give Thee, day by day,
Come what may,
All my time I give Thee, dying souls
to save.

Give me peace to conquer in the hard-
est fight,
Keep me ever faithful, watching in
the light;
Though the path I have to tread may
be strewn with thorns,
It is joy to follow, safe from sin's
alarms.

SERGT. MAY LANG, Peterboro.

Tunes—"Oh, pour it in my soul," "I
am coming, Lord" (with old
chorus), B.B. 55.

"Called to be saints," I knew
He longed to make me clean.
I listened, trusted, rose, obeyed,
And gone is all my sin.

Chorus.

Oh, pour it o'er my soul,
Oh, pour it o'er my soul,
The cleansing blood of Jesus Christ,
Oh, pour it o'er my soul.

It flows, it flows, I feel,
'Tis deep, and full, and wide,
Through all the chambers of my soul:
Its cleansing currents glide.

Oh, wondrous, loving Lord!
The mystery now I see,
For cleansed, transformed, by blood
Divine,
Even I can holy be.

Chorus.

He pours it o'er my soul, etc.
F. CAMERON, Kingston.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night
one soul sought salvation. On Sat-
day we had blessed times to our
souls and rejoiced to see seven souls
at the cross for the day's fight. Praise
God.—Sergt. Major Casbin.

PETERBORO.—A special meeting was
held on Saturday night, at which Cap-
tain Brindley assisted, and Bro. Pro-
vost, from Hamilton, waited out to
assist us yesterday. The fighting is
hard, but we find some good friends
willing to help and encourage.—Capt.
S. Stoney.

THEFORD.—Good time at soldiers'
meeting, it being our officers' last
meeting with the soldiers. Went in
for a special blessing and, thank God,
received one. Sorry to lose Captain
King and Lieut. Hollett, whom we
have learned to love for their good-
ness. Had soldiers' tea. Pleasant
time. Welcomed our new officers.—T.
Ford.

COLLINGWOOD.—The Harmonie
Hurricaneers' band, led on by Major
and Mrs. Howell, with us four days.
Large crowds. The local press speaks
very highly of the band. A break has
been made in the devil's ranks by two
soldiers, and themselves to God.
Hallelujah! Ourselves converted. Vic-
tory.—Cadet Boyle, for Ens. Black-
burn and Capt. Hoddinott.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—Here we are in
Annapolis. Since coming here we have
had the joy of seeing one soul out
for salvation. Had our D. O. Ensign
Gait, with us, and a coarse supper, and
altogether we are believing for bet-
ter times. Believe that God is able
to do exceeding abundantly above all
that we can ask or think. We are,
yours in the war,—Lieut. A. Hutt, for
Capt. A. Boggs.

RIDGE TOWN.—After six months
away from field work we are again at
it. Came here on Friday after speak-
ing at St. Thomas and Engle, where
we had a good time; also found that
the Desperadoes were there Saturday
and Sunday. Had beautiful meetings,
with eleven out for salvation, and six
held up their hands to be prayed for.
We pray they may be soon at the
mercy-seat. Three for sanctification.
Laying our plans for Self-Denial, be-
lieving to leave our target away in
the shade.—Captains Dean and Pettit.

PETERBORO.—We can still report
another word of victory over the
devil. Praise God! Grand times all
day Sunday. Capt. Beardsall has ar-
rived, and receives a proper welcome
to Peterboro'. We believe that a
grand work is going to be done under
the command of Ensign Alward. On
Sunday the meetings were something
grand. People talk about old times,
but if you want to see old times you
should step into the Peterboro' bar-
acks. On Sunday afternoon the old
devil got it hot and heavy, and he
was real mad. Some got the glory
in their feet. At night a grand sal-
vation meeting.—Sergt. May Lang.

LONDON.—We had a musical bliz-
ard on Thursday night, and in spite
of rain crowd was good and meeting
successful. Friday night, soul-stirring
time. Two souls forward. A comrade
walked three miles to knee-drench on
Sunday morning. Adjutant Taylor
with us for Sunday. Two out for
power in holiness meeting. Two cap-
tured in the battle for souls at night.
—Lieut. G. S. for Ens. Richardson.

INGERSOLL.—Everything in S. A.
circles has been a thorough shaking
up this past week. Wednesday evening
Capt. and Mrs. Cockerill celebrated
the fifth anniversary of their wed-
ding day by holding a "pancake wait-
ing," which was quite a novelty. A
large number of friends and comrades
gathered to the hour anniversary
meeting, afterwards being served with
delicious-looking pancakes and steam-
ing coffee. The affair was a decided
success and a good lift to the officer's
rather slim spirits. Saturday night
the march, open-air, and meeting led
entirely by the sisters, who did their
respective parts in a highly creditable
manner. Sunday was one of our best
days for some time, for interest,
crowds, and income, and the very best
of all a dear young man got saved
at night, making eight for the week
—four Juniors, three in visiting, and
one on 25th families. The sea doing
every house, whether palace or hut,
and intend going through the whole
lot. Interest is being revived, and
much good will result.—M. K., Regular
Correspondent.

